And again there came white people, from the interior, they were Abyssinians. The Abyssinians came, and marched towards the river, the Sobat; the Shilluks ran away to their villages. 173 539*

And the people returned to their villages, because there was a rumour, "The Ansars have been killed." Then the drum was beaten, the Shilluks danced to the drum, they rejoiced. The Turks came and remained in the country.

47. Tribal War.

Kal akyęl e bę̣no bia pą̈l, ka kal akyęl e bę̣nọ, ka leṅ kę̣tị̀. Ka ḍāṇ e kę̣l, ka ḍāṇ ṅị́ ḍḍò, ka ḍāṇ mę̣kọ ṅị chiki kę̣lị̀, bę̣r (bę̣dọ) jē gẹ gīr, ka leṅ rẹṅọ, ka jē wę̣k chyę̣, ḍāṇ chòp. Leṅ ḍẹ̀ṅ, tyẹṅ a mạn bia bẹ tę̣rọ ḍāṇ, ka gẹ tę̣rọ pach. Bụ ḍāṇ ma kę̣tẹ ma ṅị bę̣dọ wọk kị wạr. Jē ṅị bia bẹ ǩbò kị wạr. Jē ṅị lācha wọt kị yey ²wọl. 539*

One family comes and goes out into the bush, and another family comes, and they begin fighting. And a man is speared, and falls down; again another man is speared, (so they go on till on both sides the dead are) many. At last one army runs away: many people are killed, they are speared. Now the warriors scatter. The women come to carry the dead home. No one is left out in the bush during night-time. 539* 628

(After a war) the people come to lie in wait during the night.[1] — The people are accustomed to urinate in the house, in a gourd.[2] [514]●

48. The War of Nyeker.

Jal mę̣kọ chwọlá Ńekēr, wọde Dor, tę̣k, tę̣k, ka e kę̣dọ, ka tọṅa Tọṅọrọ bẹ mạṅọ. Ka Tọṅọrọ nę̣gẹ́, ka gọ mágé. Ka ṅọye yị Yodìt, ka e lōṅọ kị leṅ, ka mạ̄ṅa Diṅjọl, ka leṅ chyę̣l yị Diṅjọl; ka leṅ gę̣chẹ́ nam, ka leṅ nę̣k; ka bia pach, ka e yẹwọ. 539*

Some man whose name was Nyekēr, the son of Dor, was very, very brave. He went and turned towards Tongoro (in the Dinka country) to capture. He destroyed Tongoro and seized it (its people and cattle). And he was imitated by Yodit, he too raised an army and marched against Dingjol, but his army was chased by Dingjol, he drove the army into the river, so that they died. Yodit went home and repented what he had done. 173 539*

49. The War of Deng.

Jal mę̣kọ chwọla Dẹṅ, ka fārẹ é kę̣tị̀ kị Duwą̈t; fa Ywéldìt. Ka lẹ́ṅ tiṅ, tiṅ Yọt, ka leṅ e kę̣tọ, ka jē nę̣k ga pyārọ. Ka Ojāṅọ dwai, ka e ṭę̣dọ, ka e ko: lẹ́ṅ a ṅị kę̣ta mwọl, kị mwọl chę̣t. Ka e mōlọ, ka e butọ kị yŏ, ka jē kā wọk, ka kọme 539*

[1] This is blood revenge; if one tribe has more dead than the other, it tries to kill some people of the hostile village.
[2] for fear of being killed when going out.

29:Dempsey M-5 (1940-1954) 1955
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763 *797 lying right across the entrance. It was poor Rachael who had been stretched out across the threshold where anyone entering the hut could not fail to step on or fall over her. [521] Sitting against the wall opposite the entrance were four ancient-looking hags who were simply passing the time away in gossip whilst waiting for the old woman to die. When I made my undignified entrance, one of the unlovely quartette, Rachael's daughter, said, 'Get up, Rachael. Here's the Father and he has brought you a burying cloth.' Said I, 'I haven't brought a burying cloth.' Chorus from the four beauties: 'He hasn't brought a cloth, Rachael; don't get up.' To me, 'What have you brought?' 'I have come to give her a blessing.' 'Oh! He's come to give you a blessing, Rachael; don't get up.' At this point poor Rachael dimly understood that someone had come to give her something, so she asked me to put it in her hand and not let the others get it.

I thought that I had better get on with the good work, and blessing the hut and Rachael with holy water, I began to recite the Litany of the Dying. Half-way through, there was an interruption from the daughter: '*Jal duong*'—a [514] pause whilst she spits, across Rachael and through the doorway; a good ten feet.

Myself: 'What?'

Daughter: '*Yi bi.*'

[576] This normal Shilluk greeting often comes, not when first meeting a person, but halfway through the conversation or visit. I said something more than my prayers, while the four resumed their gossip and spitting.

Daughter: '*Jal duong, Jal duong.*'

Myself: 'All ye Holy Virgins and Widows—Shut up.'

Daughter: 'O-oh! He says: "Shut up," and I was going to tell him that I went to the Sister to tell her that my mother was dying and to ask for a cloth to bury her in.'

At length, without further interruption I finished the prayers for the Dying, and gave poor Rachael one final blessing and prepared to depart. The four beldams followed me out of the hut, and the following conversation resulted: